





The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 01

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Chapter 1

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Ultimate Evolution: Prologue

Chapter 1: Returning after hunting whales

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I, Vick Ronda and Elkassar

In the dark of night, a storm is raging.

The violent waves from the sea crashed repeatedly onto the reef, threatening to destroy and devastate the land with each wave. A floating orange colored balloon is being tossed about violently by the winds, signifying that a hurricane is at hand. Even the sturdy pole, which the balloon is tied to, is rattling so heavily, that it seems as though it would break at any second.

Although the terrible weather is not common in this remote port of Si Qiao, it happens 3-5 times a year. That was why the residents were not alarmed, locking themselves up in their huts with a lighted lantern, while enjoying a meal of salted fish and sorghum wine, and using basins to collect any water leaking from the roof. Everytime this happens, the blankets will also become moist , and by just touching them, moistness could be felt.

Under this atmosphere, a campfire was burning within a tattered shack on the west of Si Qiao town. Within the shack was a mess of discarded rubber tires – the poor people can make this into a cheap and effective rubber boat – and a group of 10 excited dark skinned fishermen gathered around the fire. They were all approximately 20-30 years old youths, and sitting amongst them a youth with deep wrinkles, his beard had already turned grey and his handsome features concealed a hidden sorrow underneath. One look was enough to tell that this was a person who had submitted to his fate.

“Aiya, Aiya, today’s happenings, Sanzi’s move has its merits, but Sheyan’s move is definitely the best!”

The one speaking with rude hand gestures and spitting uncontrolled saliva,

was a youth with a facial scar called Gao Qiang. However, it seemed that he has gained the approval of the surrounding men, as they nodded their heads while gazing with admiration at the youth.

Another young man with a pair of thick eyebrows, strong bulging muscles with a sturdy physique, although he had an occasional arrogant look on his face, his gaze remained stable. He was sitting on a worn wooden bench, holding onto a broken bowl. The bowl contained scalding hot water, which required him to blow on it before drinking. Sheyan humbly smiled upon hearing his name, without making any sound, as he nodded his head in gratitude and continued drinking his water.

“Sheyan’s move is naturally undisputable, but I stabbed it nine times man, a full nine times!” Another big nosed youth, looking in his prime, spoke up loudly as he stood up waving his hands frantically.

“Dammit, that bastard actually dragged on for 30 meters, another 10 meters and we would all be eating out in the hurricane instead.”

In the corner, a dark and thin youth interrupted him with a laugh:

“Bro Dasi , this time’s fragrant cream yield is definitely no less than 20 kg! Even if we can’t extract it all, we can still get at least 10 kg – this itself is a fortune already, didn’t you always want to refurbish your Fu Yuan(boat)? With this catch you can refurbish at least 10 times and still have some leftover cash to spend.

Dasi was that young man from before, hearing that, he could only give out an honest laugh, brimming with happiness. From birth, he has been raised by the sea, the seawater can be said to be a part of him already. In this lifetime, his boat could be considered his home. Because he adopted 2 orphans earlier on, he did not have time to find a wife and soon after he decided he didn’t need one. He used his entire life savings to buy this old boat even after criticism from others, after buying he immediately refurbished the boat, and that is why up till now he had still not repaid all his debts.

If one’s prosperity were to be measured by one’s kindness and honesty, then Dasi would have been extremely wealthy by now. However, no matter how hard Dasi labored, he could not escape his miserable life of poverty. No matter how cruel the heavens can be, eventually there will be a light at the end of the tunnel.

When Fu Yuan sailed the previous day, they actually encountered a lone fat headed beast.

The fat headed beast was a name commonly known to all fishermen in the surrounding areas, it was actually a sperm whale. It has a short and stubby body, coupled with clumsy movements, and a weird appearance as though it has a heavier head than the body, if one were to compare it to something, a million times magnified tadpole would fit the description. The head itself is like a gigantic box, taking up to a quarter or third of its entire size. Its nose is special though, only the left nostril is clear, while the right is blocked, giving an angle of 45 degrees to the front-left when it ejects breathing mist. An experienced fishermen would be able to find traces of a sperm whale through its breathing mist . However, after decades of hunting, the population of sperm whales has been reduced to hundreds across the entire south china sea. Over the past 5 years there has been news of only 3 fat headed beast being hunted, and its rarity can only be imagined at the present.

However, this time the ones who discovered the lone fat headed beast were actually Dasi and his band of dark skinned brothers. The younger men would address Dasi as “Uncle Dasi”. In actual fact, with the layout of their old boat, Fu Yuan, it was impossible for them to have been able to capture this beast. Fortunately, Fourth uncle raised 3 capable and intelligent orphans, who previously found a discarded spear gun at a dump at the pier and made some adjustments to it, and they actually managed to restore it to a usable condition. Initially, they wanted to try out their skills at the shark infested south china sea, how would they have imagined encountering a lone big headed beast.

Soon after that followed a round of intense and persistent chasing.

Even the boat, Fu Yuan, seemed determined to seize this rare opportunity given by heaven. Despite the warnings of a typhoon, it desperately held on to this 10 meters long sperm whale! Apart from fourth uncle, nobody else had experienced hunting a whale on the boat, before in addition to the semi working state of their recently retrieved spear gun. In the raging storms, they failed to hit even after four attempts, alarming the beast causing it to begin submerging deeper underwater.

Then, one of Dasi’s adopted kids, Sheyan, stood up, his body swaying

vigorously in the wind like leaves on a tree. Holding the spear gun firmly in his hands, he aimed steadily at his target for a full ten seconds, and at the most desperate of times, he fired a shot.

This one shot ripped through the sperm whale with great ferocity.

In its dying moments, bearing the intense pain, the sperm whale dragged on for an entire 30 meters, causing the ocean to turn red throughout their struggling journey. In the end, it became a helpless human treasure, as the old boat, Fu Yuan, miraculously returned to Si Qiao Port right before the hurricane struck. For sperm whales, although their meat, bones and oil were expensive, the most valuable was their ‘fragrant cream’ originating from their intestines. This item, commonly known to local fishermen, when it was dried up will become the famously known substance ambergris*.

*A wax-like substance used for making perfumes

The sperm whale’s primary food is cuttlefish and octopus, after consuming it, it will not be able to digest the sharp tip of the shell and the inner round bone of its meal. Because of this, the large intestine or rectum of the whale will be infected with a disease, which in turn will result in the formation of greyish or black secretions in the small intestine. Subsequently, the secretion forms a thick dark matter stored in the colon/rectum, and by removing the unpleasant smell and adding some perfumes over time, it will form this so called ambergris.

The ambergris contains 25 elements, which are extremely valuable in retaining fragrance of perfumes for a long time. It can also be used as a valuable medicine. Dasi’s prized sperm whale was 10 meters long, which can be considered slightly below average. However, the ambergris can still be sold for a large sum of money.

Thus, the band got together to celebrate, not knowing it is late at night. They have been toiling at sea for about half a month, and right before the hurricane struck, they made it back to Si Qiao Port. The hunting crew immediately felt fatigue after their momentary period of excitement. The torrential rains of the hurricane were predicted to stop only tomorrow afternoon. Dasi was in his hut, laying his bed out on the floor. These fishermen were used to toiling in the sea and do not feel indifferent. Instead, Sanzi and Sheyan had left their house. At the Ma Zhu temple, north of Si Qiao town, they were busy repairing a shed. It was

considered their private past-time, even though the storm was heavy, and the distance between their town and here was not short.

As the two pushed open the door made up of nailed wooden planks, a strong and cold wind along with the torrential rain barged in, leaving them with a feeling of having just fought a cold war. In that weather, even the people surrounding a fire have lied down and began groaning and complaining. Sheyan and SanZi, with a cloth draped across their foreheads were struggling to push the door back. At this moment, Fourth uncle hurriedly rushed over to deliver umbrellas and escort them back home.

Si Qiao was a small town, which was not even recognized on the world map.

Its specific location was at a little bay south of the border city of Fang Cheng port in Guang Xi, which can be seen from West Vietnam with the naked eye. Administratively, it was so secluded that it was, apparently, unknown to the outer world. Therefore this isolation had given way to a series of smuggling, trading, and thieving activities. The people there all belonged to the grey area of the industry, in the eyes of the law.

The reason the honest Dasi chose to settle in this place was because the boat, Fu Yuan, was a stolen item, and they had no means of paying heavy taxes. Sheyan had already seen how high the tax bills were, which included financial, tax, business, border security, health, government, fishing management companies, village living, etc. However, over here, one only needed to pay protection fees to the 'big brother', Huashan Fei.

Due to the threat and pressure from top authority, Si Qiao construction uses relatively inexpensive low quality materials to construct their buildings, which caused an architectural thorn in the ass for the people living an illegal life there. Sheyan was already 19 years old, he was older than Sanzi by a few months, and had been working for acquaintances of Fourth Uncle since the age of 14. Because of his composed way of doing things, he had constantly earned the trust and praises of others. At a young age, his reputation had already spread across the entire port as one, whose knowledge and character was second to none.

Chapter 2

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Chapter 2:Living with great joy, dying with no regrets

Translated by: Chua

Edited by:I and Elkassar

A year ago, after Dasi bought the old boat, Fu Yuan, Sheyan immediately left his current job to return to assist Dasi without hesitation. At that time, he was already the second in command on a 500 ton cargo ship from Panama, and the captain was going to retire in a year. Even after much persuasion from the captain, Sheyan remained firm and returned to the tattered and old boat, Fu Yuan, to be an ordinary fisherman. He even used his earnings to pay off Dasi's debts, and the small shed that he and Sanzi was built from what was left of it .

Even after walking for a short while, his shoes have been soaked with ice cold mud, giving off a chilling to the bones feeling and a squishy sound with each step making it extremely uncomfortable. Upon reaching Sanzi's hut, he did not look back, offering just a small wave of his handkerchief as a small greeting. He then stretched his back as he pushed open the door and entered the hut.

As Sheyan was about to retire to his room, the house door swung open as a wet headed Sanzi emerged with an envious and respectful look on his face:

Bro Yan , do you remember when we were caught by waves as tall as a few meters and even Uncle Dasi and Uncle Fa couldn't do anything, how did you manage to strike the fat headed beast with such precision?"

Although Sanzi was younger than Sheyan by a few months, his way of thinking as well as experience could not be compared to the Sheyan who labored outside for 5 years. It was not even a close fight. That is why he has always been respectful and idolized his foster brother Sheyan. Upon hearing this, Sheyan give off a slight laugh as he squinted his eyes:

"I only blindly aimed, and got lucky."

Sheyan lit the lantern beside him, and take out a dry handkerchief from his

drenched coat to wipe his head. He had a height of about 1.8m, sturdy physique, thick black brows, beneath his tight vest was a bulging outline of his chest muscles and his few years at sea gave him a healthy cinnamon looking complexion. With neat and tidy hair coupled with his sharp brows, giving an impression of a high quality fitness trainer. However the stern look from his arched lips and cold gaze made people wanted to stay a thousand miles away from him.

Looking objectively, this is an extremely simple hut measuring 78 square meters, made out of scrap objects and low quality raw materials, even the interior contained nothing much. A small single bed, one washing bowl and a simple clothes hanging line. However after entering, there was a strangely warm feeling, a feeling of home which can never be replaced by even a 5-star hotel.

The only decoration was a small picture atop the bed frame. The picture frame had already faded to a yellowish colour over time, and it contained 3 people: Sheyan, Uncle Dasi, and Sanzi. That photo was taken before Sheyan left the house to work. Looking at Uncle Dasi in the picture, there was a look of respect and admiration in Sheyan's moist eyes. He was an honest and simple man who painstakingly endured all hardships to raise him and Sanzi up. The greatest point was that he never once covered up their birth origin, and did not allow them to address him as Father. This is because, Dasi is a devout believer in Feng Shui (Geomancy), and upon having his fortune told that he would have a lonely life of hardships he refused to allow this ill fate to infect the two kids, preferring to grow old alone childless.

However, this gave an ignorant but noble feeling to the honorable and filial Dasi....

Thinking back about the past, Sheyan sighed. He was an extremely strong willed person, ever since he came of age, he did not treat the parents who abandoned him with intense hatred but in fact had great gratitude for Uncle Dasi. Although he addressed Dasi as uncle, but deep in his heart he treated him as a father. Pasted upon his bed frame, was a paper written with straight characters – living with great joy, dying with no regrets! These words were seen from a tattered novel that Sheyan had read, he fell in love with the meaning of the words, and thus showcased it atop his bed frame.

After daydreaming while looking at the photo, Sheyan extinguished the lantern and slept. After the initial weariness, he soon slept deeper. In his heart he harboured a certain uneasiness, as though something big was about to happen.

Sheyan's instincts has always been accurate, this was why he was often praised by others as he could often pinpoint the root of a problem and come up with a solution. People rarely bet against him as he often miraculously triumphed even without the upper hand at the start. Beforehand Sanzi questioned Sheyan how he could slaughter the fat headed beast even in the raging storm, in actual fact it is because Sheyan was operating on his extremely keen instincts.

The pouring rain consistently hammered against the rooftop as Sheyan kept tossing and turning in bed. He suddenly sat up and lit up the lantern. Unintentionally, he caught a glimpse of something red in the opposite mirror. Lowering his head, he shockingly discovered several red-crossed scars across his chest as though someone had clawed and grabbed at him. After feeling it, he realized it was not painful and therefore did not think much of it.

At this time, Sheyan felt thirsty, he went to grab a cup of water, while humming to himself, he suddenly noticed a splashing water sound other than himself. This irregular splashing sound sounded like someone was intensely struggling inside the mud. In a matter of seconds, the sound of banging on Sheyan's door echoed throughout the hut, followed by panicky coarse unclear shoutings.

"Coming!" Sheyan's heart trembled slightly, charging to open his door. As the door opened slightly, the cold outer winds rushed in, suddenly a hand drenched in blood shot out grabbing the door frame tightly. Using his full strength, a person covered in blood and mud entered. It was actually the one who lived with Uncle Dasi, Gao Qiang! Sheyan tried to support him but this was in vain as Gao Qiang collapsed onto the ground, clutching tightly onto Sheyan's leg with both arms, he wailed in despair:

"Bro Yan , it's a disaster!"

Sheyan raised his sharp, pitch black brows, but in his heart he felt a slight déjà vu: Something really came up. The uneasiness he felt is there. Although his heart

was in chaos, he calmly replied loudly:

“What happened?”

“It’s Uncle Fa, that bastard! Uncle Dasi wanted to use the money earned from the fragrant cream to pass down to you and Sanzi as inheritance, but when everyone was asleep he secretly went to find Huashan Fei* and sold everything. An entire 9 Kg of fragrant cream! But Huashan Fei only paid him a hundred dollars!”

(*Huashan Fei is the big brother of the town from chapter 1 who people had to pay protection fees to)

Upon hearing the name “Huashan Fei”, Sheyan’s heart sank. That punk can be said to be the ruler of Si Qiao town, and everyone with status paid him protection fees. He himself would engage in illegal trade, smuggling and drug peddling, while still running a legit business upfront having tens of bodyguards around him. There were even rumors of him being the backbone of the infamous 3rd ranked ghost clan in Vietnam, and was a capable subordinate of the clan head known as the Black Devil. Once he set his sights on the ambergris, even if one’s teeth all fell out and stomach was full of blood, one still had to suck it in.

Gao Qiang struggled and swallowed his saliva, as he continued wailing:

“No matter how unwilling Uncle Dasi is, he could only let Huashan Fei have his way. At least, Huashan Fei gave some face by proclaiming that Dasi did not need to pay protection fees anymore. However, I could never bottle up such unfairness, cursing to myself in anger and was actually overheard by someone alongside Huashan Fei, Xide. Such unluckiness! This unknown fella is so strange, even Huashan Fei had to show face to him. Mercilessly, in addition to the bastard Uncle Fa adding oil to the fire with his unnecessary comments, Xide demanded to burn the boat, Fu Yuan!”

If one wasn’t raised by the seaside, it was impossible to understand the deep relationship a fishermen had with his boat. They practically grew up alongside their boat, and the boat has become their second home, even spending more time on it than on their family. Under this kind of circumstance, the boat has naturally become a part of the fishermen, even upon death would the fishermen request his coffin to be shaped like this boat.

To Uncle Dasi , his feelings toward Fu Yuan have already far exceeded the lifesavings he used to buy the boat. If Xide really burned that boat, he would rather offer up his own life.

After hearing this, the wrinkles on Sheyan's forehead tensed up. Gao Qiao continues with tears in his eyes:

"After hearing this, I could not control myself anymore and impulsively fought him head on. Huashan Fei immediately signalled to his underlings and in the end.... Hais! That coward Xide actually was scared stiff, and could only hide behind others barking like mad dog. After I fled, I could hear him shouting to burn Uncle Dasi along with his boat. One of the neighbor, Mr Gui, wanted to step in to mediate but ended up with 7 less teeth with one blow from Huashan Fei to the mouth. Bro Yan what should we do?!"

Gao Qiang spoke of Mr Gui, who was quite an accomplished person in Si Qiao, and was even on good terms with Huashan Fei, but was still reduced to such a state. Dasi's fate was now an unimaginable one. Fate with such a situation, yet Sheyan could still remain composed. He first treated Gao Qiang's shoulder and provided him with new dry clothes, lighting a cigarette in his mouth he calmly declared:

"Swiftly notify Sanzi, the both of you will immediately report this to the governor!"

Ever since Gao Qiang arrived, he had been trembling uncontrollably as though he was cold or extremely fearful. However, after hearing the resolution within Sheyan's steady voice, he summoned up his courage, sucked in his chest and took in a deep breath responding:

"Alright Bro Yan , I will go immediately."

Suddenly, he realized something, and started panicking as he spoke:

"How about you Bro Yan, aren't you coming with us?"

Sheyan calmly replied:

"I will never allow Uncle Dasi and his boat to be burned without doing anything. Huashan Fei collected thousands in protection fees every year from us, yet he robbed us of a fortune of fragrant cream, I will go and reason it out with

him! After speaking with him, this mess should be settled, hurry along you two, if anything bad happens to me, i will have to rely on you guys to rescue us."

After hearing this, Gao Qiang found it logical, he himself being someone without much of a plan could only nod his head and set off to find Sanzi. Sheyan waited for him to leave, with a grim look in his eyes retrieved a sharpened knife from the behind the door.

This knife was used to kill huge fish and cut them up, it was approximately a foot in length, and was made with scrap metals through Sheyan's persistent efforts of shaping the knife. The pitch black knife, shimmered in the moonlight giving off a threatening cold aura, as Sheyan wiped it with a cloth in preparation for its inevitable usage.

Sheyan actually only wanted to trick GaoQiang and Sanzi away , because he already knew this is a matter of utmost complications. This injured Xide is actually the infamous Black Devil's son! The only negotiable method is with this knife! Living with great joy, dying without regrets! Although Uncle Dasi is not his blood father, however the bonds between them are so strong that to give his life for him, would be an honor that does not allow him to look back!

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Chapter 3

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Chapter 3: Blood and Anger!

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

In the dark of night where the cold rain falls and wind blows, the entire Si Qiao town is shaken. With Huashan Fei tyrannically ruling over the town, nobody dared to step into this matter – which concerns over 10 human lives, signifying how viciously mighty Huashan Fei is.

Sheyan crept around silently in the suffocating darkness of the night, as the icy raindrops drenched his coat. Still, he pressed on with a blazing ferocity trapped within his heart.

20 meters ahead lies the port where Fu Yuan was parked, the unloading dock was covered with a huge canopy sheet blocking out the rain and sun, where sailors would pile up goods within it. The guards keeping watch are used to not having people trying to break in or causing mischief. Underneath the canopy lies 2 enormous spotlights, brightening up the entire area. A group of Huashan Fei's underlings encircled the 3 men curled up and lying on the ground, as they stamped on them enthusiastically and proceeded to dump oil onto them. Every so often one of them would give of a crazed shriek:

"F**k your mum! You dared to raise your knife against me, come fight back now!"

"I'm gonna slaughter your entire family!"

"Steal your property and trash your businesses!"

"....."

"....."

Sheyan crept closer in anticipation, at this moment Huashan Fei was signalling to his underlings to get out of the way, He spoke softly:

"Xide, who gave you that cut on the face?"

The four guys on the floor started struggling and groaning, but none of them said anything. With a simple hand gesture, two strong and aggressive men picked up one of the injured man as Huashan Fei ordered:

"Nobody wants to speak up? Fine! I won't be able to explain to Bro Ming's side (one of his underlings. In charge of taking care of Xide, reading on this chapter will understand better), then I will just offer the four of you as an apology!"

"Its me! I cut him!" The one who spoke out wearily was Dasi. Upon hearing this, Sheyan felt adrenaline surging up, repeatedly provoking to charge on impulse.

"Pui!" Huashan Fei spat at Dasi's face.

"This old fart actually has such balls, I like it! Tell me, which hand did you use to injure Xide?"

Dasi looked down in silence. Huashan Fei was also not expecting an answer, as he puffed on his cigarette followed by using the burning end of it to press down on Dasi's face. A burning stench filled the heavy air, suddenly Huashan Fei broke into a fit, as he stomped down onto Dasi:

"Press him down for me! Snip off his fingers one at a time and offer to Young Master Xide as a token of forgiveness! The rest of you, bring the boat here and set it ablaze!"

After listening to Huashan Fei's crazed instructions, Sheyan suddenly felt a certain incompressible surging feeling forming within his chest followed by a salty taste flooding his throat. His entire body was heating up as his blood boiled with anger. Licking his dried and coarse lips, clutching his knife tightly, his leg muscles had already started tensing up. Huashan Fei stomped his foot in frustration, as he turned around and said:

"Have you ensured Young Master Xide is alright? Why is wrapping up that cut taking so long?"

Huashan Fei's words were directed to an underling by his side. This underling was on familiar terms with Huashan Fei, as he spoke sharply:

"Bro-brother you are thinking too much! Such a small cut on the face won't affect anything. The only concern is this cold and chilling to the bones weather. Xide that gigolo only needs to go back and nurse his cold that's all."

Initially, Sheyan could not hold it in anymore, as he prepared to charge forward. Upon hearing these few words, his thick black brows were frowning so hard it had formed a single brow as a new idea formulated in his mind. Disregarding his surroundings, He hastened his footsteps and charged toward where Huashan Fei lived.

Based on his natural intellect, Sheyan knew that even if he aggressively charged in, he won't be able to rescue Uncle Dasi and instead would be sacrificing his life in vain. However, Huashan Fei's underlings in this town of Si Qiao are only about 20 people. Those that could fight were all preparing to burn the boat, Fu Yuan. The people attending to Xide's wound were only 3. If he managed to capture Xide as hostage, then he would stand a slight chance of rescuing Uncle Dasi . Whatever happened later, Sheyan could not be bothered anymore as there would be too many variables to consider. The only few words he held in his heart now were, "Face his enemies courageously one at a time to achieve victory."

Given Huashan Fei's status in the town, because the town constantly faced pressure from higher authorities, he actually lived in an ordinary looking hut. However, it still looked considerably newer and larger than the surrounding huts. Wanting to flex his position, he had constructed a layer of fence around his hut. Sheyan was like a ninja in the shadows, as his body has been soaked by the rain and mud covered his shoes, only his eyes remained with a steady and poisonous gaze. He looked like a famished wolf who had not eaten for days.

"Finally I've arrived." Sheyan kept his gaze on the fenced up hut, as his heart brimmed with nervousness and palpitation. He reached into his pants pocket with his icy white and wrinkled hand, pulled out a sharp icy and emotionless knife. Tightly gripping the base of the knife which had been wrapped with a cloth. Sheyan breathing grew deeper as he wrapped a tattered cloth across his forehead, smeared mud over his emotionless face, as he cautiously made his way to Huashan Fei's hut.

The fence was reinforced with hard steel, it had no doorbell and was a little

loose at the top. Sheyan shook the fence fiercely as well as banging against the concrete at the side. As the clanging and banging sounds echoed up, a faint light emerged within the darkness of the hut followed by a frustrated shouting:

“What the f**k, who is causing such a ruckus?”

Sheyan's felt his heart beating faster, but at this point he composed himself, shouting from his diaphragm:

“Disaster! Disaster! Brother Fei has sent me to report!”

This sentence was extremely effective, as someone immediately rushed out to the fence in front of Sheyan but did not open the fence door in suspicion. Sheyan recognized him to be Huashan Fei's cousin nicknamed white-dust Ming because he followed the cruelty of Huashan Fei, wrecking families but mainly sold white powdered drugs for him. Sheyan himself had to pay this bugger a hefty sum just to be permitted to build his hut. That is why upon meeting, he felt an avenging hatred forming in his mind. Tilting his head down while using the cloth to cover half his face, Sheyan tightly grabbed the fence and exclaimed:

“Bro Ming ! So many constables have arrived! One of the damned bastards informed the governor!”

White-dust Ming suddenly appeared frightened, although there were great suspicious points in Sheyan's speech, but without further thought, he spoke out in astonishment:

“What the?! Brother Fei normally already bought over the magistrate. Why would they come here?!”

In his mental state of panic, his hand unknowingly moved on it's own and opened the fence gate, but upon opening it halfway he realized there was something not matching up. Immediately he questioned:

“Why hadn't Bro Fei called us with the phone but instead sent you here to inform us?”

This question actually exposed the greatest flaw in Sheyan's plan but Sheyan had already put it into consideration! Sheyan was naturally witty, immediately replying without stuttering:

“The few constables that urgently arrived were all unrecognizable, as such Bro

Fei in his slight shock accidentally knocked over this phone into the mud. How could the phone operate in that state? He feared that you would misunderstand and thus passed the phone to me as evidence. You won't believe me, see it for yourself!"

After which, he raised his left hand, with a muddied black phone lookalike item atop his palm.

Actually, there were several questionable points about Sheyan's statement and if one were to dive deeper one would expose him easily. However, white-dust Ming only focused on the phone and was contented with seeing the only evidence as well as the unwavering strength within Sheyan's voice. He swung open the gate, peeping his head out to take a closer look at the item within Sheyan's left hand.

Sheyan's hand immediately changed into a fist, smashing ferociously straight onto Ming's face.

A suddenly pain broke out within white-dust Ming's nose, as blood, mucus and tears poured out from his eyes and nose. As he was about to scream for help, he felt a sharp icy feeling penetrating into his chest. That iciness started to surge upwards and eventually reached his vocal chords eliminating all trace of sounds. Under the excruciating pain and shock he raised his head directly meeting the gaze of a pair of blazing eyes. The pain started to infiltrate his consciousness, and soon took over his entire being.

Sheyan gently loosen up his grip of the knife as his victim slowly slumped onto the muddy cold waters, colouring the mud with a maroonish bright red. As the harsh rain continued pouring and sounds of wind and thunder filled the air, the surrounding air gave off a familiar peaceful feeling, as though nothing had taken place. Naturally the people within the hut were oblivious.

Sheyan took a few deep breaths, as his murderous intent retreated within him. However, a strange feeling swelled up within him, as though the past 20 years had been lived in vain but the past few minutes standing between life and death had given him a queer sadistic excitement..

The icy rain struck hard, but Sheyan was instead fired up. He took several deep breaths, swung open the gate and tiptoed in. He stopped at the door entrance,

quietly pressing his body against the wall. As he secretly eavesdropped the conversations within:

“He dared to cut me? F**k his mother he actually dared to cut me!! I want his entire generation of family to die! Where is the doctor? Where is he?!”

“The nearest city is 20 km away, in such a downpour even the fastest doctor can only arrive tomorrow morning.”

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Chapter 4

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Chapter 4: The gorge between life and death

Translated by: Chua

Edited by:I and Elkassar

The voices within the hut were unclear, “Pa!” a sudden smacking sound echoed through, as Xide angrily shouted:

“Trash, get lost!”

The man had a scar on his face. After receiving a slap, Scarface eye’s darted angrily toward Xide. However, he knows that even Huashan Fei cannot afford to anger him, sucking up his frustration, he walked out and cursed out loud:

“White-dust Ming! Where the f**k did you go?!”

He raised his leg towards the hut door, using his full might to kick open the door treating it as Xide’s face. The door swung out banging strongly onto the wall and rebounded back upon impact, repeatedly while swinging in and out. The sneaky Sheyan standing against the right side of the wall, his breath kept awfully quiet like a ghost in the night. He remained emotionless, but a burning spirit remained ablaze in his eyes. Holding onto the knife with his right hand, fresh blood dripped constantly from the ghastly red convergence at the tip of the blade.

Scarface upon leaving the hut had a great anger welling up within his heart, and while walking from the bright hut into the darkness of the night, his eyes were still adjusting to the stark contrast. After awhile, the sight of white-dust Ming’s muddy and motionless slump greeted him, suddenly fear gripped his heart which forced his mind to start blanking out that moment.

Seizing this opportunity, a greyish dark shadow pounced onto him from the back, one hand masking Scarface’s mouth, the other hand mercilessly and swiftly slashed at his throat. In the chill of the night, Scarface actually managed to produce a mournful and matchless loud shriek. He could see blood shooting out

of his neck, as the blood blended sorrowfully into the ceaseless rain.

Although Scarface's throat was slit, he did not die silently like in the television shows, but instead he screamed desperately, trying to find a fighting chance of survival. As he struggled, he unintentionally struck against Sheyan's face.

"Bastard..." Sheyan's nose felt a suffocating pain as tears welled up in his eyes as he covered his face in anguish. In the past, Sheyan had already experienced several fights during his work atop a boat. However, he had not murdered anyone before, as such could only imitate what the assassins would do in television dramas when executing a silent kill. However, he failed to consider this crucial point – normally when he slit a chicken's throat, that chicken would also go berserk in his dying seconds.

Sheyan's strike in terms of power and positioning also had great deviations, strictly speaking if Scarface was a trained martial artist, he could very well turn the tides and killed Sheyan... Luckily Scarface was just a cruel lackey, he was rendered defenceless after watching the horrific sight of blood shooting from his throat, and could only scream for help struggling fiercely as he fought for his life.

Sheyan, got up and completely ignored the fleeing Scarface, grabbing his knife he charged in with murderous intent. His breathing was heavy and erratic, his heart was filled with suspense. To him, all his hardships were in order to capture Xide, only when he had Xide as hostage could he have the means to negotiate with Huashan Fei to rescue Uncle Dasi !

A blinding flame and loud rumbling sound greeted Sheyan as he entered.

Scarface's cries had startled Xide, and although he looked frail and weak, he was still Black Devil's son. Within China, gun control was extremely strict, however, in this small exterior town the management was extremely loose and disorderly. That is why upon knowing something is wrong, Xide immediately reached out for his personal pistol waiting for the opportune time when Sheyan would charge into the building to pull the trigger.

Upon seeing the black barrel of the pistol suddenly flashing, Sheyan's body froze and even his mind blanked out. No matter how agile and decisive he was, at the end of the day he was just a fisherman equivalent to an above average soldier. However, face to face with a gun, Sheyan did not feel a single pain, but

instead it felt like someone charged straight into his chest. Immediately, fear retreated like the passing tide, as Sheyan screamed violently and his eyes turned deathly red. In this narrow edge between life and death, his adrenaline level frantically surged, eliminating all notions of pain and fear within him. In his mind, his only thought was not allowing this bastard to have a second move.

Sheyan used his left hand to press down the wound in his chest, throwing the knife he had at Xide. Xide had never cared about the lives of others, but extremely cherished his own safety and wellbeing. In the face of the shimmering dagger darting toward him, he was scared stiff that he could not pull the trigger again, but immediately took cover. When he finally wanted to fire again, the bloodied Sheyan had already charged over with arms outstretched. His eyes were filled with a rampaging glow, as he brought Xide and pinned him to the ground.

As the two began struggling with each other, their heavy panting and gasping could be heard distinctly. Xide could smell a strong fishy smell of blood mixed with mud, he had never been forced into such a sorry state as though struggling with a wild beast. His heart was filled with anxiety and desperation, therefore, he committed the most basic of errors: which was to try and fire off a gun in close proximity, where hand-to-hand combat definitely had the edge.

How could Sheyan give up such a golden opportunity? Breathing heavily, he pinned down Xide's wrist, forcing the gun's aim to the side, while Xide was still stubbornly trying to aim the gun back at Sheyan's head. Logically speaking, Sheyan was definitely stronger in terms of strength, however, he had already taken a shot to his chest, under this sort of circumstances, he would have lost a lot of blood. As such, Sheyan was losing in strength as the gun's aim was slowly forced in the direction of his head.

A slight grin emerged on Xide's face, and an evil glint appear within the dark pupil of Sheyan's eyes, he had actually loosened his grip! To the intensely struggling Xide, he could have never expected this, as this sudden shift of momentum caused his arm to widely swing and lower to the opposite side. Sheyan leaned his head in and ferociously bit down on Xide's hand.

A person's biting strength is actually very astounding. A healthy and grown young man's full strength bite can be liken to a weight of 500kg! Even a small kid

can chew on the bones of pigs and cows. Sheyan at the brink of death would obviously not hold back. Xide gave off a painfully loud wail flinging away the gun in his hand. Under the immeasurable pain, he punched against the back of Sheyan's head. Sheyan felt as though the sky was spinning and the earth was rotating (chinese idiom about giddiness), unbearingly loosened his bite and rolled away.

Xide painstakingly grabbed his left hand in agony, while Sheyan was half kneeling on the ground uncontrollably shaking his head trying to regain his focus. The two wrestled internally for a few seconds, and suddenly regained focus at the same time. Sheyan reached out for the knife that had planted into the sofa, while Xide bent down without hesitation to pick up his pistol. Their movement synchronized as they both chose their fighting tool at this very moment.

At the edge of life and death, nobody could deliberate any further, one second of indecisiveness would mean death! In just a space of 3 meters, with unfaltering spirit, Sheyan summoned a great power and wrested out the knife from the sofa. Without pausing, clutching onto his gunshot wound and with an incomparable ferocity he thrust forward with the knife. At this time, Xide has just retrieved his gun and was not prepared to aim yet.

Undoubtedly, when rivals meet face to face, the courageous prevails. Xide's character had already determined his fate. At the start, when face to face with Sheyan's flying dagger he chose to hide, he lost his only way of victory. The opposing Sheyan had always remained headstrong and never backed away against foes or even problems. Furthermore, Sheyan had a fiery and crazy passion burning within him already, taking a huge step he thrust forward his knife towards Xide.

Living with great joy, dying without regrets!

This knife was practically undodgeable as the cold steel penetrated completely through Xide's stomach emerging from his back. Sheyan struck with such insane ferocity. In the face of such excruciating pain, in his dying moments, he did his utmost to try and aim toward Sheyan again. Under such a deathly pressure, Sheyan frantically stabbed at Xide's body again. Xide gave off a miserable loud shriek which eventually died down to a soft wail. When the crazed Sheyan eventually regained his sanity, Xide was already a lifeless corpse.

Sheyan then leaned against the side table gasping for air, those last few moments have taken a great deal out of him as he felt the sores from his limbs coming in. In his planning phase, he had never thought that he would have to cross swords with Xide, much less predicted that bastard would have a gun in his possession. Therefore, in this confrontation, he could not offer any margin of error, going all out, if not the one on the floor now would likely be him. Sheyan's gaze shone with maliciousness, he understood clearly in his heart: only by staying alive would he have a chance in saving Uncle Dasi ,and even if he could not save him, he would definitely drag down as many as he could with him.

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Chapter 5

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Chapter 5: Battle against enemy and friend!

Translated by: Chua

Edited by:I and Elkassar

Although killing Xide was not part of his plan, Sheyan did not feel like he had reached a dead end. Xide's death was without a doubt bad news, but Huashan Fei did not know about this yet. If he was able to utilize Xide's corpse effectively, it would be able to yield the same results.

Although Scarface has fled, he had sustained great injuries. The journey from here to the port is considerably far, even if Huashan Fei had received the news and rushed over, there was still adequate time to prepare for his next step.

After calming down, Sheyan waddled over to the nearby toilet to wash his face, proceeding to clean his gunshot wound before finally wrapping it up simply with a cloth. Sheyan retrieved several clean and dry clothes which he put on Xide's dead body and dragged his body out into the passenger seat of the minivan parked outside, adjusting his body perfectly into a sitting position.

Normally in Huashan Fei's absence, White-dust Ming would bring some underlings out in this minivan to collect protection fees. That is why Sheyan was able to pinpoint the location of the vehicle keys which was on Ming's body. He also brought the pistol as a precaution, and set off for the port.

Although Sheyan could still feel a searing pain from his wound, he felt powerful, as though a hidden strength was awakening from within him. As he was reflecting on what had happened, he was actually unknowingly enjoying the feeling at the moment. That sort of feeling of pure ecstasy when engaging in a random fist fight, that feeling of thrill when holding a life in his hand, the lingering smell of blood within his nostrils... he suddenly had a new insatiable thirst within him! Having the ability to control death, was what someone's life goal should be!

In the moments after killing Xide, Sheyan felt as though he was living life to the fullest.

This feeling was much better than having an orgasm or taking in a deep puff of the cigar!!

“Damn it , why do I feel like I am becoming a psychotic sadist?” Sheyan bitterly laughed, then shook off that notion. Focusing once again, he continued driving towards the port.

After driving out for 50 meters, Sheyan can see Scarface’s body lying motionless on the road, as the flooded road had already submerged half of his face. Even the clean wound across his neck had been washed to a sickening white, while his left hand was still clutching onto his neck. Strictly speaking, Sheyan’s strike was only capable of inflicting heavy damage but was not a fatal one. However, the terrified Scarface struggled and fled leading him to lose excessive amounts of blood, eventually causing his death.

Looking at Scarface’s body, Sheyan heaved a sigh of relief. This meant that Huashan Fei had no clue his house was attacked, making it easier for Sheyan to construct his plan. An unprepared and unknowing Huashan Fei was definitely easier for Sheyan to achieve victory against.

When Huashan Fei witnessed this familiar white colored mini van driving in amidst the thunderstorm, he was extremely startled. Sheyan parked the vehicle 70 meters away from him, the light within the van was dimly lit. He then placed his knife across the neck of Xide’s corpse, biting his teeth he shouted out.

“Huashan Fei! Do you want Xide dead or alive?”

Huashan Fei’s pupils shrank, as a fiery rage started to soar within him! His status was like the emperor in the town of Si Qiao, having the primary say in everything, nobody had dared threatened him before. However he understood, if Xide died in his territory, he would definitely not be spared when that old hag “Black Devil” decides to unleash his wrath of vengeance. That is why Huashan Fei lowered his pride and spoke:

“What do you want?”

At the same time a burning passion was swirling within Sheyan, even his gaze

held a crazy berserk kind of look because he had seen Uncle Dasi .

The Uncle Dasi that was currently bound up in front of him.

Dasi's face was pale, and he had already fainted. Blood drenched his hands, as his left hand was broken beyond recognition, worse still, his right hand was left with only 3 fingers! Beside him was a bowl with blood and floating inside the blood was actually Dasi's fingers!

" HUA, SHAN, FEI!" Although he had already prepared in his heart beforehand, Sheyan still had to take deep breaths as he kept reminding himself to stay calm. However, his facial muscles were twitching uncontrollably, and the veins inside his eyes had bulged, giving him a ruthless and scary bloodshot look. He raised his eyebrows and coldly laughed out:

"What do you think, Huashan Fei. You wanted to dispose of my entire family, then don't blame me for being ruthless!"

At this point in time at a nearby hut, a door swung open. Originally Gao Qiang had been tricked away, but here he was with Sanzi being dragged out of the hut. The two of them had been beaten up to a plum with bruises all over their faces. Upon seeing Sheyan, they both shouted out in unison:

"Bro Yan !"

Huashan Fei's crafty gaze fell upon Sheyan. Right now, the rain was pouring heavily, while the van was only dimly lit, under this low vision he thought Xide had only fainted, never expecting that Sheyan would greet him with a lifeless corpse! Huashan fei's long standing tyranny at the top, was also because of years of struggling and fighting, thus he knew that today's matter would not be easily dropped by Sheyan and that Sheyan's goal was to ensure the safety of his people. Therefore, with a flick of his hand, he signalled his underlings to surround the people nearby coercing them together with the tip of their knives, thereby, pressuring Sheyan.

Faced with such a situation, Sheyan squinted his eyes, his lips formed into a grin. Upfront, he was holding a knife to Xide's throat, but beneath, his left leg was putting in great effort to support Xide's lifeless heavy body. Sheyan then shouted out:

"Huashan Fei, I have already inflicted a mortal knife wound to his left chest, his condition is extremely bad right now. If you insist on wasting time, I am afraid he won't have much time left. How would you explain to Black Devil then?!"

Huashan Fei remained emotionless, however, his left hand that was gripping onto a chopper had already turned ghastly white, his anger had already reached a boiling point but without changing his tone he coldly spoke up:

"Then stop with the bullsh*t! Lay out your terms!"

:

Sheyan look a long hard look at the far away Uncle Dasi , looking at his old and haggered complexion it stirred his heart as he continued:

"Let them go, I will stay. When they are all safe will I will hand Xide over."

Huashan Fei let out a mocking laugh:

"You take me for a fool? After they leave you would immediately flee in the van then how would i chase you?"

Sheyan bluntly spoke out:

"Then I will leave the vehicle, is that enough?"

Huashan Fei's expression changed. Sheyan then nastily gave Xide a kick letting his body violent shiver, then lowering the knife from his throat. This action looked as if Sheyan had knocked Xide unconscious and laid him down on the seat causing Huashan Fei's anger to intensify as he felt the increasing pressure of the situation.

"Okay!"

He proceeded to signal to his underlings with his hand:

"Release them!"

Huashan Fei's underlings cursed while they cleared up an opening, letting the people within their control slowly crawl out. Sheyan's left hand clutched tightly at his chest, as he proceeded to leave the mini van. He leaned against the vehicle while his lower body was covered by the van's door. Huashan Fei shot an icy cold look toward one of his underlings beside him. That underling was actually in possession of a gun, however, when he saw a similar gun in lodged firmly in

Sheyan's grip and glancing towards the "fainted" Xide he did not dare to risk making a move.

The people being released retrieved the semi-conscious Dasi and made their way towards Sheyan. Sheyan's heart was filled with great anxiety, because once they got closer to him, some would realize that Xide was actually a cold and lifeless corpse. In this case, it was extremely hard to predict their reaction which may influence the outcome greatly. Although this minivan was able to contain the eight rescued personnels, however, its speed with the entire load was still unknown. The entirety of Si Qiao did not only contain this one vehicle, if Huashan Fei were to pursue them, then it would be a calamity for everyone here.

"Don't come here! Board Fu Yuan!" Sheyan shouted toward the fishermen already a mere 20 meters away. After listening to Sheyan's shouting, Huashan's expression turned dark. He had the common thinking that if they escaped in the minivan, he was 100 percent sure he could catch up to them. However, now with the huge storm brewing, if they took a boat out to sea, it would be extremely tedious and troublesome to search for such a small fishing boat.

However, the fishermen were already previously traumatized, as they ignored Sheyan and continue heading towards him. Sheyan gritted his teeth, and fired a shot into the air! The piercing sound of a gunshot penetrated into their souls waking them up as they heard Sheyan shouting again:

"Don't come here! Board Fu Yuan!"

This time they heard Sheyan and they paused in hesitation, however, at this moment, Sanzi actually proclaimed out loud:

"Noo! Bro Yan , I will stick with you even in death!"

With this loud proclamation, he greatly influenced the rest as they continued in unison, however this only made Sheyan lose his mind even further. At the face of such courage but was actually plain stupidity and folly, Sheyan wanted to smack Sanzi's face. If he did not remain to watch over the situation, how would they all make it out alive? Afterall, the biggest lie of Xide's death was yet to be exposed. At the point in time Sheyan became speechless, he knew Huashan Fei was extremely cunning, if he continued speaking, he risked getting himself exposed.

Chapter 6

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Chapter 6:Break away and violently escape!

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: Elkassar

Just when Sheyan was at the brink of losing his mind, the bound up Dasi raised his head with great difficulty and looked toward Sheyan. Sheyan was now looking at Dasi, countless thoughts flashing through his mind. Dasi had treated him like a real son, looking at the greyish white hair atop his forehead, his bloody hands, his warm, kind gaze, Sheyan felt a bittersweet warmth as his tears poured out forcing him to close his eyes and shout:

“Just board Fu Yuan!”

Dasi could read the hidden melancholy beneath those words, as he fought to speak up:

“Listen to Ah Yan, let’s board Fu Yuan”

Although he spoke softly, but it rung with resolute and decisiveness! Sanzi and Gaoqiang wanted to speak up, but upon looking directly at the murderous glare from Sheyan, they sucked back their words. The entire group then retreated toward the boat.

After such a twist in events, Huashan Fei started harbouring suspicions, he squinted his eyes to look inside the dimly lit van to observe Xide. Looking at what was unfolding in front of him, Sheyan’s heart skipped a beat, immediately reacting:

“Oh yeah, Huashan Fei, return to us the fragrant cream you stole!”

Using a hundred bucks to buy over 10 kg of fragrant cream was as good as stealing. Upon hearing Sheyan’s words, his state of mind relaxed a little, because there were only a handful of people in the world who valued one’s life over money. If Xide was dead, Sheyan would be hoping to leave the place as fast as

possible, why would he still care about that fortune of fragrant cream. Huashan Fei glanced at Sheyan, he then signalled his underlings to bring out a huge bag filled with fragrant cream and teased at Sheyan:

“You want this? ... sure! But first let me talk to Xide.”

Without hesitation, Sheyan replied:

“No problem! Xide, speak up!”

Currently, Sheyan was outside the mini-van while Xide’s body was sprawled over the driver and passenger seat, between them there was a small gap of 2 meters. Huashan Fei, could observe Xide’s right hand trembling slightly, as if he was summoning the strength to get up but still could not do it, as he continued laying down on the seat as though he fainted again.

At first, Huashan Fei was very suspicious of the Sheyan sitting in the driving seat, but right now there was a space of 2-3 meters, and even the car door separating them. Lowering his guard, he bitterly allowed Dasi and gang to board the boat and leave.

Huashan Fei never expected that Sheyan had already taken this scenario into account. Before he arrived, he had tied two very fine strings onto the limbs of Xide’s corpse. With the low vision caused by the torrential rain, the dimly lit interior and the 70 meters distance between them, there was no chance Huashan Fei could see Sheyan utilizing the strings from outside the mini-van. Of course, the main reason for this optical illusion was still the mental delusion of Huashan Fei not expecting that Xide was actually dead. Even with the strange movements resulting from the string, one could only guess that it was because of his heavy injuries.

The people aboard the boat looked covered with bruises all over their body, but apart from Dasi, the rest only sustained superficial wounds. They have all been raised up by the sea since young, and in this desperate moments of fleeing, they rowed their hardest they could in their entire life as the boat disappeared into the endless sea.

Sheyan waited until the boat was no longer in sight, however he never once took his gaze away from Huashan Fei and his men. After 10 minutes, Huashan Fei broke the silence:

"Okay, I've already released the people and gave you back your goods, isn't it about time you release him?"

Sheyan's mouth twitched a little, taking a deep breath he spoke:

"You and your men retreat first."

While he was still in the midst of talking, a strange chilling to the bone, hair rising sensation came over his entire body especially his vest felt icy cold as though somebody pressed ice against his skin. Sheyan's pupil contracted as he immediately threw himself forward. At this moment the piercing sound of a gunshot filled the air, as sparks emerged from the mini-van's front. Unknowing to Sheyan, one of Huashan Fei's henchmen with the gun actually made a huge loop from the side to make it to the back of Sheyan. Under command, he fired at Sheyan, but at the critical moment, Sheyan actually miraculously dodged the bullet.

Sheyan heavily crashed into the mud, as a searing pain swarmed his entire body from the chest wound. The muddy waters were strangely refreshing, and it tasted bloody. Sheyan wrestled himself up from the ground, as he scrambled to take cover behind one of the surrounding huts. Panting, he struggled to make way, running clumsily in the direction of his own house.

In fact when he decided to stay behind, Sheyan had already made reservations in his heart that he may not escape. However even a cricket would fight for his life, and Sheyan also realized the wound in his chest was not as bad as he imagined it to be and therefore clung on to his dear life. Although the way Sheyan was running was like an anxious stray dog, but whenever he thought of what expression Huashan Fei would have when he saw Xide's dead body, his heart would celebrate in delight which gave him more motivation to flee faster.

"You poor bastard! Stop! I will destroy you!"

"Lil' bastard! Keep running and I will kill your entire family!"

"....."

"...."

Because of his chest injury, his running speed has been affected. Hearing the heavy footsteps and incessant cursing from the thugs catching up to him,

Sheyan suddenly stopped and turned around. He pulled out the gun he retrieved from Xide, took aim and fired!

Truthfully, Sheyan's marksmanship was extremely poor, after roaming the seas as a fisherman for 6-7 years, his knowledge toward guns was fairly basic. He only knew how to reload and trigger fire the gun while not hurting himself, skill wise he was far from praiseworthy. However when the group of 3-4 thugs closed up to a close distance of about 70 meters, even a person spitting saliva would be able to accurately hit one of them.

"Boom, Boom !" the sound of the gunshot rang, a faint green smoke faded into the pouring rain followed by a scream, two of the thugs collapsed into the muddy water. Their injuries were not very serious, one was shot in the leg the other bullet grazed against the cheek of the other thug. Although it was just superficial wounds, at first glance the wounds appeared to be very serious. .

Especially the one with the cheek injury, his face was covered with fresh blood, he has also lost a few teeth as the blood filled up his entire mouth, and he was screaming more miserably than a pig getting slaughtered. His surrounding friends, hearing this, all felt a fear in their heart that prompted them to retreat.

These two shots created lots of chaos and misgivings in the minds of the chasing men, as they slowed down not daring to be too impulsive. Although Huashan Fei put up a very lucrative bounty, but they still needed their life to collect this bounty. Faced with this escaping crafty and merciless punk, he even dared to stab Black Devil's son, it would not be worth it to lose their lives now. Anyway he is gravely injured, letting him bleed out would be better.

As the people chasing developed this thinking, Sheyan finally had a small breathing space. Looking down he knew he was left with two bullets and he gave off a bitter laugh as he continued running away. He was very clear right from the start, under this kind of hopelessly vile situation, even fleeing alone in that mini-van was courting death. Si Qiao town's only proper road was poorly taken care of, full of potholes and mud often causing vehicles to break down. The motorbike behind Sanzi's hut was his only means of escape! The sandy route along the beach side was in extremely terrible condition, and only a motorbike could easily maneuver around it. After driving for for 5 km, one would be connected to the national highway leading to the prefectural city of in Guangxi, when that

happens freedom would be certain.

◦

“Keys, where are the keys?” Sheyan kicked open the door of Sanzi’s hut, as he was greeted by a familiar pitch blackness. He took a few deep breaths as he made his way to Sanzi’s pillow reaching out for the keys underneath it. Going out through the back door, he pushed the motorbike out from under the shelter of a canopy, jumping on frantically as he slammed his foot down onto the pedal.

The chasing men looked at each other in dismay, two of Huashan Fei’s lackeys tried to intercept Sheyan with two iron rods. Without hesitation Sheyan fired off his gun at the two men. Although the bullet failed to connect, it had caused the two guys to frantically take cover behind the hut.

One could say heaven was aiding Sheyan, Huashan Fei’s guns were all self made without proper water proof features, even in this heavy downpour, the gun could still fire off all its bullet. Looking at the back of the fleeing Sheyan on his motorbike, the men could not think of any solutions. At this moment, someone barged in clumsily, shouting at the top of his lungs carrying a tinge of sorrow as he screamed:

“Bro Xide was actually murdered by that poor bastard! On boss’s instructions, anyone who catches him gets five hundred thousand! Also applies to anyone who finds any clue on his whereabouts leading to his capture. Bastard! Prepare to collect your family’s dead bodies!”

Black Devil’s infamous name could even cause a small child to wail. The previous year while smuggling, he actually came into confrontation with Vietnam’s border troops, although he suffered a loss of over 30 men, he was able to sink one of his opponent’s vessel. Xide’s death in this area caused the hearts of many to worry, if they could not produce the culprit, Black Devil may certainly unleash his wrath on the entire town. This thought in addition to Huashan Fei’s generous bounty would lead one to work hard!

After hearing this proclamation, although Sheyan has already driven out of town in his motorbike, these hooligans suddenly started pursuing excitedly with a new motivation. A few of them went to fetch their nearby vehicles, determined to chase Sheyan to the ends of the earth!

Chapter 7

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Ultimate Evolution: Last chapter of prologue

Chapter 7:Fate!

Translated by:Chua

Edited by: Elkassar

The motorbike engine rumbled louder than it worked, as the black fumes dissipated into the rain. Sanzi's motorbike was like leftover goods, tossed around between many owners and finally passed to Sanzi for a dirt cheap price. The offshore road was extremely muddy, the bumpiness caused agonizing pain to Sheyan, he pressed down on the pedal as he bent down in pain. Listening to the rumbling of the old rusty motorbike, he feared that the engine may fail at any time.

Listening to the urgent cries and shouts from far behind, Sheyan could not help laughing out coldly. Huashan Fei should have figured out Xide was killed by now, he must surely be like an ant on a hotplate* (Chinese idiom meaning panicking frantically), his situation is no better than mine. Dying now is no big deal, to him Uncle Dasi, Sanzi and the rest had already escaped. However, Huashan Fei still had his entire family of old and young in town. That cruel and ruthless Black Devil would surely want something to vent his frustration on, Huashan Fei's family will definitely be affected.

Quite a big group of men were chasing him, but Sheyan was not hasty in panicking. Right now, the people chasing were all fired up, over time their enthusiasm was sure to die off. After riding for 10 minutes, right ahead about 10 more meters lies the entrance to this small muddy dirt road, looking at his view, Sheyan heaved a sigh of relief and a smile escaped his cold expressionless face. Once on that dirt road, cars and runners will never be able to catch up to him. No matter how lousy this motorbike was, it was the king on the right terrain.

Suddenly, the motorbike gave off a loud choking cry, as the engine came to an

abrupt stop. Sheyan's eyes widened, feeling that this shocking downturn of events was extremely unfair and the sudden dead end when freedom was in sight. Sheyan suddenly halted, his seemingly hopeless chasers suddenly came to life as though they had just won a lottery.

Sheyan did not brood over his misfortune, or rather he did not have time to, discarding the motorbike he started sprinting forward. At the same time he continued to wield his pistol in order to strike fear and precaution into his chasers.

When his chasers finally caught up to him, Shenyan had already made it a few hundred meters into the muddy road of the national highway 703, clutching his stomach as he ran for his life. Fresh blood was dripping slowly from his wound, as it formed an obvious redding trail. His current goal was to make it to the gigantic construction site nearby.

Currently a factory was being built, it's current state was at about the halfway mark, and construction had paused temporarily due to the typhoon. With such a huge mess of construction, it was extremely easy to hide. However the main idea was that Sheyan had confidence in finding a vehicle or another motorbike here.

Bearing with the pain, Sheyan overturned part of the fencing and entered the site. Three of his chasers who had their own vehicles had already caught up nearby, they were following the red trail as they saw a small pool ending at the fencing. Excited at the thought of that 500 thousand just beyond the fence, they gave off a gleeful shout. Sheyan clutched his chest, as he staggered alongside the wall finally entering into one of the buildings under construction. Although he was currently forced into a corner, Sheyan's gaze maintained a steady fierceness, deliberating for a while, he threw down his pistol and fled up the building.

Shortly after, Huashan Fei's 3 underlings rushed in like a pack of hungry wolves. They quickly discovered the abandoned pistol, feeling their only threat eliminated they excitedly scampered up the building. However upon reaching the second floor, excitement turned to worry. Exiting from the stairs, in front of them lay an extremely long corridor, with tens of side offices laced along the corridor. Even worse, they had no clue which floor Sheyan went to, and this was only the second floor! If they went to search all the rooms individually, nobody would be guarding the staircase, and Sheyan could easily escape if he was on

another level. The safest way is to station 1 man to guard the staircase, while the other two proceed to search the rooms individually.

The crux of the problem was now choosing who was to stay at the staircase!

Although this could have been easily solved, but Sheyan's bounty was a hefty 500 thousand! That brat not only sustained heavy injuries, but his only threatening weapon was now gone. Hence to the three men, the one that found him would surely be the receiving end of that 500 thousand bucks! Under this conditions, who would be willing to stay back and disadvantage their chances.

The three looked at each other in frustration, they were lucky enough to find a vehicle, but the rest should be catching up by now. If they continued wasting time, their prize would be snatched by others. The three battered their eyes at each other, as one shouted out:

"

"Red you go to the fourth floor, I'll take the third, the second is yours Bingzai! Even if we go alone there is nothing to fear! How could we lose to an already half dead brat? Lets leave it to fate, there are still a couple of brothers behind us so there is no way he can slip out!"

As such, the three split up to search, and to Sheyan, the reason he discarded his pistol was for this very reason. Only by splitting them out was he able to give himself a chance to escape!

The place where Sheyan was currently hiding was the exact location Red was searching, the fourth floor!

This punk nicknamed Red was a compulsive gambler, his merits were being able to fight and taking risks, because he loved wearing red he got that nickname. Amongst the three, his greed for that 500 thousand was the greatest and he hurriedly climbed up to the fourth floor. Who would have known, there was actually a trail of fresh blood greeting him leading to one of the left rooms along the corridor. Without hesitation, he followed the trail like a mad dog.

The room could be seen clearly constructed by red bricks as it was not painted over yet, and cement and dirt covered the floor. Unsightly wires were hanging loose from the ceiling and a musty smell filled the air. The railings were yet to be constructed around the balcony, and only a safety net surrounded it.

Red suspiciously raised his head because the red trail strangely ended at the balcony and the balcony was still without railings. He could not see the entire balcony due to the uncomplete construction at the left, as the wall was still blocking the room and the balcony. From his view, it was as though Sheyan had jumped off the building after meeting a dead end. However, Red's eyes flashed with an unbelieving look, knowing for sure that Sheyan would never commit suicide, but instead was hiding behind the balcony blind spot.

Creeping forward, he paused in front of the balcony, shouting out fiercely while wielding his steel rod, aiming to the left as he charged forward. However he was taken aback as his steel rod crashed onto the empty left wall and he felt pain in his arms due to the impact. What greeted him was only a pair of shoes, mocking him.

Right at this moment, the pale faced Sheyan still holding onto his stomach appeared behind Red, carrying a taunting look in his eyes, he lifted his left leg and furiously kicked the confused Red directly at his ass. This was a fourth floor balcony without any safety features installed!

A loud sorrowful scream pierced the air followed by silence. Even with an ox-like build, Red fell to his death from this height. Using his blood, Sheyan created a fake trail and utilized the balcony blind spot to his advantage.

For this own preparation, he gritted his teeth as he leaped and grabbed onto the loose wires and metal bars hanging from the ceiling. Lifting himself up, he rested at the top of the left wall. If this careless punk was able to see through the trap in this situation, Sheyan would be left speechless.

There is a deathly silence in the air, without hesitation, the other two stuck out their heads when they heard the scream and immediately hurried to the fourth floor. Following common sense, under the atmosphere of what had just happened, they would not stop to think upon seeing the trail of blood in the fourth floor corridor. All their focus would be directed towards the blood trail and where it led to, Sheyan just needed to hide himself at the right side of the corridor, and wait for the perfect opportunity to escape down the building.

Following reasoning, this plan had a huge chance of success, especially now that Sheyan had managed to hide from the two others who rushed off in

following the trail foolishly. However something unexpected occurred. This was due to several factors, the building's construction was still ongoing and was a safety hazard, also Sheyan had lost too much blood and he was in a frenzied state of mind. As Sheyan was desperately running down, he accidentally tripped over a jagged floor tiled, and started tumbling down the stairs. The tile broke off and followed him crashing down on the floor as he broke into pieces with a loud "Pam!" While Sheyan was regaining back his focus, and pulled himself up again, the two men awakened from their folly, started running back as they cursed.

"Dammit..." Sheyan coughed out a mouthful of blood as he gritted his teeth. He was extremely strong willed, not knowing to give up until the very last second as he continued fleeing. He had a very straightforward look, frantically running without thinking, ahead of him was a flight of stairs that had not been renovated. His two persistent chasers cursed and chased, closing up the gap to just one storey level.

Although this flight of stairs was newly constructed it had its naked interior exposed, showing the fresh red bricks within, this gave the stairs a haunting ancient look as though it had been here for centuries. Losing so much blood caused dark spots to appear in Sheyan's vision, pressing on he continued to run for his life, he was not willing to admit defeat! Inevitably, the condemning footsteps and curses from behind grew louder and louder.

"I don't want to get caught, I can't die here!" Sheyan's heart imploded within. Unsure if it was because of over exertion, he started to feel his chest rapidly heating up, he would have torn off his shirt to take a look, if not for him needing to concentrate on running.

All of a sudden, as Sheyan was running down, his entire body came to a sudden halt. It was an extremely strange feeling, as though he was dropping down into a swimming pool from 30 meters high, and there was an invisible membrane covering the pool. However, there was nothing in his path, yet the feeling of knocking into something was very distinct! Because of this, the two men caught up to him and charged toward him; one locking onto his shoulders, and one wrapping around his waist! As the three of them tumbled down the stairs in a huge mess.

While they were tumbling down the stairs, Sheyan struck his head against the

stairs causing his skull to crack beneath his brows, his face was flowing with blood but still he never gave up. His gaze was murderous, pulling out a knife from his pants he was determined to struggle on till death! If he was to die today, he would definitely not die alone!

Living with great joy, Dying without regrets!

However Sheyan felt something was wrong, because his surroundings were extremely still. There was no trace of panting, no cursing and shockingly no exchange of blows! Only his shoulders and legs were tightly constricted and there were no further movements! He swung his head around in a daze.

Looking at the two motionlessly rigid big men tightly holding onto him, it was as though a sudden layer of frost had encapsulated over them freezing them in place. Even their frenzied facial expressions were captured in the timelock. As Sheyan tried to break free at this moment, his chest suddenly emitted a scorching acute pain from within! Unable to bear the pain, he groaned out loud, trying his very best to press down on this strange excruciating pain, attempting to remove it. When Sheyan finally loosened his hand, he unconsciously looked down and there it was again! Another red tattoo like scar on his chest!

Sheyan could not believe his eyes, he immediately ripped off his tattered clothings. He could see atop his very flesh, that bloody red tattoo started forming into very precise contours, eventually forming into an unknown symbol. The symbol appeared distinct and mysterious making absolutely no sense. Sheyan had already experienced many things in one night, but this event was simply out of this world.

Sheyan suddenly felt a frosty sensation chilling up his back, he turned around only to discover what was initially a flight of stairs had turned into a shroud of pitch blackness. Extending his hands to feel it, it felt like a formless cloud had decided to take up residence there. Breathing in deeply, looking down, he realized the entire flight of stairs has been enveloped by this darkness and this darkness continued to roll and expand itself growing larger by the second. Within it was a very faint hint of deep red giving off an extremely eerie feeling.

At this moment, the symbol started to flash brightly, immersing Sheyan in its bright radiance and as it wrapped around the other two men, they actually

started to age rapidly! Initially two sturdy looking men in their youth, yet in a matter of seconds was reduced to a rotting old age with white hair and no teeth. Yet in another few seconds, their flesh was reduced to dust and blown away, leaving only their dense white bones, and even their bones were dispersed into ashes shortly.

What kind of sorcery was this, degenerating the flesh and decaying the bones almost instantly! Only time, only time!

Is it possible that in this short moment, time was sped up by a thousand years? The flashing symbol atop Sheyan's body was extremely mysterious, it could actually produce such a terrifying power to save him.

Before him, the darkness continued to swirl about infinitely as though it had been there, constantly circling the eerie deep redness in the center. Sheyan could not understand why a raging anger was suddenly welling up his heart as though something was stirring his soul and it felt strangely vital to him.

After he tore of his clothes, the sinister tattoo had been radiating non stop creating a formless aura around his body. Unable to control himself, Sheyan tightly clutched his fist and wildly screamed to the heavens.

That scream echoed loudly into the surroundings, the darkness violently swirled and suddenly dispersed exposing an enormous door beneath it. The door was made up of ordinary metal, it had the color of flesh with numerous disorderly sharp teeth sticking out of it.

Suddenly a mysterious voice boomed:

"This is the nightmare realm! A mystical and mysterious place!"

"This place can satisfy your heart's wishes, if you can pass the test given to you, it's rewards will be unimaginable!"

"However if you are fearful, then leave! If you want your heart's desire, then step forward!"

"Regrets? Fear?" Sheyan twitched his thick black brows, laughing out loud as he took a big step towards the door without hesitation. His heart was experiencing an unexplainable happiness, as though every pore on his body was twitching with excitement. After stepping nearer, he realized that the enormous

sliding door was covered with bulging veins, as though it was made out of gigantic veins. From far it looked like metal, from near it actually contained characteristics of the human body!

Abruptly, Sheyan felt a sudden sharp pain in his chest, as an irresistible attraction forcefully sucked him in gradually from the front....

“Host’s physical condition: Spleen is semi ruptured, major blood loss, a total of 7 superficial wounds, normal current state of 40, restoring.... Restoration complete.”

“Current sample size of 6 399 people, this sums up the test for everyone who signed the contract, next test will commence in 72 hours! Nightmare realm.... begin!”

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